

## IMMORTAL LIFE

### Is It Worth Living a Question that Depends in a Large Measure Upon Whose Life It Is

Unless There Is Physical Pleasure and Pain There Would Be Little in a Life of Monotony to Keep One in a Contented Frame of Mind.—Such Is the Idea of Otto Wietstein, who Believes that a Spiritual Body Would Not Be Satisfactory to the Average Mortal.

The question, "Is Life Worth Living?" may be answered both in the affirmative and the negative, because some lives, no doubt most certainly are worth living, while many others are not. The life of a Goethe, a Humboldt, an Ingalls, and many others—all favored children of fortune—were, and are indeed, worth living. But, alas! the lives of millions of others are a wretched failure and not worth living, because their proportion of happiness will hardly compensate them for the degree of suffering and pain endured during a lifetime.

So the far more important question, "Is Immortal Life Worth Living?" can not be rashly answered by jumping at the conclusion that such eternal life is one of continual bliss and ecstasy; that we must first of all consider whether such eternal condition of sameness is possible. No one insists that human life, favored by birth with a model physique, continued health, superior mental abilities, sympathetic impulses, wealth, opportunity, education, and genius, all insuring a career of unalloyed happiness, is not worth living, and none but a lunatic would renounce a desire to live in such Utopian bliss during all eternity. But as individual preferences have very little to do with our earthly career, so it matters but little what may be our yearning for infinite bliss in the future toward establishing such conditions. The philosopher and brave man will confine his belief and expectations within the limits of the reasonable and probable.

How many sickly and wretched specimens of men and women are born into the world who all long for the model forms of an Apollo or a Venus! How many endowed with lofty genius are compelled to waste their lives in the struggle for subsistence? How many who are poor desire wealth? How many growing gray and wrinkled would cheerfully give half or all their possessions to ward off the ravages of time, age and approaching decay? But what matters to these intense feelings, these anxious yearnings of all mankind? Are not generally these hopes blasted, these fond illusions shattered, these yearnings unheeded, and the prayers unanswered by "God," fate or nature? Men remain poor, women grow old, genius goes begging, hair turns gray, and old age creeps on in spite of our yearnings to the contrary.

#### Hopes of a Future Life.

Thus the universal desire for eternal bliss, for "heaven," for an "evergreen shore," etc., is not of the least consequence in establishing such hoped-for conditions or localities for the yearning for terrestrial joys is no factor in producing them, so an intense yearning for celestial eternal happiness does not necessarily culminate in a "heaven." Desires and wishes count in the least change the inevitable order of the universe, or cause the mindless inorganic forces of nature to hear a prayer to perform a miracle for the special benefit of such a small and insigni-

ficant creature as man. The seasons will change just the same though man may long for a shore evergreen. Youth will be followed by old age, though and to contemplate and death will play the inevitable sequence of all life, though countless millions, swayed by sentiment, complacently believe in a miraculous existence of eternal life.

By insisting for the sake of argument the possibility of a "spirit" or dual man surviving the death of physical man, reaching the Utopian shores, or "heaven," and henceforth living forever, the serious question then arises: "Is such a life—not continuous optional life, but absolute eternal life, regardless of conditions or individual preferences—desirable?" We can answer this question only as we have answered the same concerning this life. If this (imaginary) eternal life is indeed eternally one of continuous and unalloyed bliss it will, indeed, be worth living.

Concerning this, we can reason only from analogy, and only from what we know. The first fact, then, which grins at us in the face is the fact that conditions, relations, events, circumstances, etc., which now in large measure tend to our happiness and make life worth living, will positively be absent and denied us during our eternal existence, minus our physical body. This would include all the pleasures dependent upon the physical body, such as eating, drinking, love, marriage, etc.

"There is no marriage in heaven," This self-evident fact, which the Bible as authoritative and not, and this establishes the fact that individual existence during countless millions of ages without love, without marriage, without children, without the family circle, without homes without the usual three meals a day, will be, to say the least, extremely monotonous. But some will insist that all these conditions will exist in "spirit life," precisely as in this life. But such is not the case, and this bars all discussion in the realms of miracle all being possible. But to show that these things are impossible in the due order of nature, and that such can not be established by science and reason—this is the object of this letter.

#### Love Alone Worth Living For.

I insist, then, that love, communal love—the vital current which underlies and sways all human life, which permeates the race, and is the talisman all worship, and which alone makes life possible and worth living—is absolutely impossible without the physical body. Marriage, conception and rearing of children and everything pertaining to a happy home is equally impossible. Human life is purely a physical cause—an annual process—and in the absence of such physical process life cannot originate. Hence in the absence of the physical body, which at death is consigned to disintegration, life is purely a physical cause and life cannot originate.

This proves beyond a shadow of a doubt, then, that during all eternity, in the "Sweet Bye and Bye," fatherhood, motherhood, and all it implies, rearing of children, the charm and pleasure they are to us daily as they learn, acquire language, change from infancy to childhood, to manhood and womanhood, their love, caresses and affection; that happy meetings three times daily

at mealtime; the goodnight kiss, the happy greeting, the charming home life, something and some one to live for, all this, in the absence of the physical body, will positively be denied us forever.

But worse! It is insisted that our experiences during earth life will continue during all time to come. Think of the agony in store for us poor mortals, existing during all eternity with a clear conception of all the pleasures enjoyed during earth life, but, alas! forever denied us in the future. Not much "unalloyed happiness" in such a prospect!

But I included love between man and woman as being absent in spirit life. This will be indignantly spurned by all immortalists, who will insist that love, indeed, is not based upon the carnal, and that a higher, purer platonic love will fully compensate and satisfy all spirits during eternity. It is, as I said, the duty of the philosopher to analyze final causes regardless of consequences and if in so doing sentimental notions and pet theories are exploded he will still revel in the bliss of having discovered final truths.

There is only one phase of love, true love—the only sentiment sacred and holy in nature—and that is the love between the youth and the maiden and between the matured man and woman. And that highest and loftiest sentiment of humanity is based solely and purely upon the passions and sexes, and does not exist without them. When a shy and noble youth, just entering into manhood, meets the innocent and modest maiden of fifteen summers and an unexpressed longing and feeling of bliss overcomes them, and attracts them both, even years before a thought or knowledge of sex affairs dawns upon them; when both are as pure as the new-fallen snow, and a lascivious thought has never marred their brain, yet the sole basis of this charm, of this awakening of love is sex. Says Schiller:

Oh, tender longing, sweetest hope,

The time of love's first kiss;

The eye beholds the heavens open—

The heart, too, reveleth in bliss.

Oh, would it could forever be

But clad in spring's eternal green.

And when this love finally culminates in blissful possession and embrace, and ultimately in happy fatherhood and happy motherhood, who that has experienced and reveled in the ecstasies of this inter-communion between "soul and soul," and has once called one pure and beautiful woman all his own, can possibly desire to live during all eternity longing and yearning for a continuation of this earthly bliss, but alas! then—damned to eternal isolation and abstinence.

#### Would Stay Dead Forever.

As for my choice, give me capacity to enjoy life in the highest degree—give me my physical body and those of my loved ones—or when I die, let me stay dead forever! ("Spirit bodies" are "too thin!") But still certain sentimentalists will insist that a higher and purer love may exist among mortals as well as among immortals than that based upon the sexes. I deny it. The paternal instinct in its highest manifestation, true, is a species of love

which may become intense and sacred. No may friendship between men and men, women and women, even in exceptional cases between man and woman, ripen into a degree of love not based upon the passions. But all these are like dross to gold, like a child's box of water colors to the rainbow, or like a negro melody to a Beethoven sonata. True, sacred, holy, intense love implies possession—ownership of "body and soul." Could we love a woman, knowing we would never, but another would possess her? Could we intensely, truly, fully love a woman during the day, knowing she intensely loved another at night?

Next to the ecstasy of the love passion, based purely upon the physical, and absolutely impossible without it, come the pleasures attendant upon the gratification of our appetite when hungry, also a purely physical process! and which extreme pleasures, now enjoyed many times daily by average humanity, will also positively be denied us in "heaven," where, of course, soups, roasts, boiled vegetables, mince pies, wine, cigars, and like luxuries are entirely unknown. Again, alas! for surviving epicures—nothing but the remembrance of all these good things remains for us forever. How a full-fed gourmand can be happy under such unfortunate circumstances even in "heaven" is beyond my comprehension.

Deprived of these principal treasures, which in large measure tend to make life worth living (and it will hardly be claimed that a man's stomach follows him in spirit life), what in the name of reason remains to make immortal life worth living? "Change is the spice of life," so it cannot be insisted that purely intellectual enjoyments are conducive to man's continued and eternal happiness. And the existence of spiritual instruments, spiritual art, etc., is also a vague, uncertain, and meaningless that until "spirits" or "mediums" make clear what "spirits," "spirits," books, books and books are common, and where "spirit" realms are located, sensible men and women must conclude that immortal life is indeed not worth living.

#### WILL THE AMERICAN MAN PUT WOMAN ON A PAULINE BASIS?

(By Minnie Paul.)

Alexander Hawkeye, one of the editors of Current Literature, says the American home is doomed to destruction on a Pauline basis. American business, on the contrary, is prospering because it is on strictly a Pauline program. He says the American home has departed from the doctrine of love down to the 5th chapter of his epistle to the Ephesians: "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as to the Lord."

The lordly Alexander says this is the only foundation of a successful home. American business, he says, is conducted on a Pauline basis because wherever you find women in offices, shops and factories, they are under the dominion of man.

Mr. Hawkeye shows his lack of knowledge of social conditions when he says: "Man is morally responsible for the woman. Man is stronger morally than woman. It is possible for man to reform a woman, but not for a woman to reform a man." Ugh! How must have relieved him when he vomited up these large ones! If he should see an army coming toward him, composed of the women who are not and never have been on a Pauline basis—the women who have reformed men, the women who by their strong moral natures have for centuries been making this world better and more beautiful, and saving men from the gutter, he would think judgment day was at hand and would, no doubt, think that the Lord was sending his most beautiful and charming female angels to meet Alexander and bear him home to the throne of grace. Hawkeye must have been very unfortunate in the selection of his friends and in his visits to American homes. I know of many, many happy homes in America, and they are homes that

(Continued on Page 4.)

## RELIGIOUS TRAINING

### AND ITS PECULIARITIES

#### As Seen By the Light of the Recent Appearance of Halley's Comet

(By E. D. Nanman.)

In a recent issue of the Burlington Hawkeye appears an article, evidently an editorial, entitled "Foolish Fears."

In this article the editor bewails the fact that so many people went totally silly with fear over the recent appearance of Halley's comet, and asks:

"Why boast of our civilization, our schools and modern progress, if intelligent and well educated people in the United States are going to line up with the negroes of Jamaica\*\*\* in a mortal dread of an astronomical event which is only a repetition of similar events?" etc.

Yes, indeed, how foolish! But there is a reason. Quoting further, he says:

"Suns and stars and planets and moons\*\*\* are all parts of the great universe, each in its own appointed course, and following out the destiny ordained for it by the Creator of all things."

The results of modern thought and investigation, as the same apply to Evolution, surely have not penetrated into this man's den. He talks of "modern civilization and progress," entirely oblivious of the fact that the generation to which he belongs has been dead a century or more. What in the name of common sense does he know anyway about the "destiny ordained" for anything by a Creator, or about a creator either? Methinks he is just preaching and must be taken accordingly.

Now let us see whether we can not find a very plain and palpable reason or cause for these "foolish fears" of his so-called "intelligent and well educated people." To begin with, whether white or black, they were nearly all of them devout and pious Christian people. They had been taught in Sunday School that not only does God take care of the little helpless birds, but that the very hairs on their heads are all numbered. They have taught a thousand silly "Sunday School stories," the burden of all of which was that God is ever present and directing every occurrence, whether great or small. They are also taught to pray, to put their trust in God, and that having faith, their trust will not be misplaced and their prayers will be answered. The Bible, as well as nearly every prayer or sermon they hear from the pulpit in after life, continue to impress these thoughts on their minds.

Then they look out upon the great world and what do they behold? Pompeii and Herculaneum, Martineque, Charleston, San Francisco, Galveston, Messina, etc., ad infinitum; earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, cyclones, tornadoes, flood and fire; hundreds of thousands of people, good, bad, and indifferent, maimed, tortured and destroyed in the most ruthless manner, receiving exactly the same consideration that the rats do, no more, no less.

And these devout and pious people, who have taken their Sunday School lessons seriously, whether they acknowledge it to themselves or not, at once get that chilly feeling which whispers to them: God is a fiend and is liable to take a shot at you next. No wonder they have "foolish fears."

Quoting from the Hawkeye article further, we read: "God is not busying himself, destroying his own handiwork." Well now that is certainly interesting in-

formation, if true. But since when has he quit? It is only a few weeks ago that an earthquake destroyed some 1,500,000 people, a million dollars' worth of property, and tore down the very mountain, in our neighboring country of Mexico.

After a lot of fol-de-rol about "the Great Disposer of worlds making no mistakes" and "the heavens declaring the glory of God," and some more quotations from the Bible that are about as much bearing on the subject as the vapors of Billy Sunday have on the scientific discoveries of Thos. A. Edison, he goes on with the following:

"The wonder is that any Christian believer could, for the moment, lose faith in the power, the wisdom and the benign purposes of God, by whose word were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth."

The wonder is, however, nothing of that kind, but on the contrary, it is a wonder that there are even a few "Christian believers" who are not "soured to death" all the time, for as we have just seen, are not people being destroyed every day by the very forces which, as they are taught, are directly under the control of God, and not as Rationalists know, subject to great natural laws, not in any sense depending upon the whims of any being, divine or otherwise!

No, it is not our religious belief that made us feel secure and caused us to regard the comet as complacently as we would the moon, but it was our confidence in the knowledge and assurances of our best scientists and astronomers, who told us that the comet could not come closer than 13,000,000 miles of the earth.

Every one knows, or should know, that they compute the occurrences of eclipses and transits for us almost to the minute years in advance. They have calculated the orbit of this comet, and told us seventy-five years in advance within a few days, just when this vagrant would be nearest the sun.

These are the things which made intelligent people feel safe and caused them to regard this celestial wanderer with much the same interest that they might manifest in an eclipse of the sun or any other interesting, but perfectly natural phenomenon. On the other hand ignorant and superstitious people and also some whose piety and religion were mistaken for education and intelligence, not being able to judge of the comparative value of evidence, would get their ideas of earthquakes, cyclones and their cause, and what was to them the possibly direful effect of the Comet confused and they proceeded to tremble and chatter their teeth accordingly.

In conclusion I say, the distinguished editor of the Hawkeye has things exactly topside up. He should pinch himself to see that he is awake, take a soak in some euphoric horse trough, and then think twice before writing on a subject about which he evidently knew little or nothing.

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The Blade urges upon its readers to  
contribute articles for its columns. The  
post has said "Full many a gem of pure  
stain which shines dark, unfathomed  
caves of ocean bear," and the same is  
true of your mind. Especially do we re-  
quest articles from our younger readers.  
You may not be a Kildare, a Wilson, a  
Foot, a Laid, or a Westcott. Very few  
of us are. But you certainly can say  
something that will be of interest to your  
fellow-workers. These great men had  
their beginnings. Let us tell the readers  
of the Blade what you are doing and  
what you are thinking.

Don't take the muzzle off of  
Roman Catholicism. It is power-  
less to bite as it once did, and its  
bark has lost its terror. The pope is  
bottled up in the Vatican and  
dares not walk on the streets of  
Rome—his holy city. Romanism is  
crude and tyrannical according  
to its power. It wags its tail in  
the United States, but shows its  
teeth in Spain. It is a coward  
when in the minority, but a bully  
when in a majority. The last  
thing that man should do to Roman-  
ism is to trust it.—Truth  
Seeker.

## THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

Editor Globe Democrat:  
I notice in your June 21st  
weekly extracts from a sermon  
by Rev. Wm. Smith under the  
heading: "Would Snub Di-  
vores," that the preacher held  
that marriage was a sacred and  
not a civil contract and advocated  
laws that would make divorce  
more difficult to obtain. Now  
whether marriage be a sacred or  
simply a civil contract it appears  
to me that when a divorce is pe-  
titioned for and when justice or  
satisfaction can be done to both  
of the contracting parties, that  
petition must be granted; that  
while others may be indirectly  
interested in the outcome that  
their interest cannot be of such a  
nature as to demand a day in  
court for them. If marriage be a  
sacred institution it means that  
there are three parties in place of  
two to the contract, viz: The hus-  
band, the wife, and their god or  
gods; and if the latter are silent  
in court the judge can do nothing  
but pass them in default. Let the

man, and his wife settle the mat-  
ter with their gods. Our courts  
jurisdiction is confined to this  
earth. We have no union of  
church and state.

We have no objection to the  
preacher's use of moral sanction to  
lessen the frequency of divorces,  
and his talk is commendable  
along that line.

Probably the increase of di-  
vores has been to a great extent  
brought about by the recent ac-  
cruitment of independence among  
women. Statistics show there are  
now more petitions of wives than  
of husbands asking for divorce.  
The divorce evil is before the  
world and can be seen by all. But  
it takes the place of a worse evil  
suffered by women in silence and  
out of sight of the world wherein  
woman was kept in subjection to  
her husband. His tyranny was in-  
terpreted to be his right. He was  
even justified in thrashing his  
wife and she would submit with-  
out a whimper as a beast before  
its driver. We should be careful  
in going to the past, to more  
savage days, for examples of our  
moral precepts. I notice the  
preacher advocates the Blue  
Laws, says the law was good that  
imprisoned parties for not living  
with their husband or wife. The  
preacher then says the wife is bad  
and should be imprisoned for not  
living with her brutal husband.  
The husband says she is bad for  
the same reason, and so he kills  
her. The only difference between  
them is in the nature of the pun-  
ishment.

I protest against the preacher's  
misrepresenting Jesus. I speak  
for one who, being dead, is unable  
to speak for himself. He makes  
Jesus say one should put away  
his wife only on the cause of  
"infidelity or immorality," while  
Jesus taught that one should do  
so only for "fornication" alone.  
(See Matt. 19:9). It is eminently  
proper when one counts precedent  
above every day experience that  
he represents that precedent with  
authority correctly. If correctly  
represented, the people can better  
judge of its worth—whether it be  
for or against. If the word "for-  
nication" is given a broader  
meaning, that fact does not fix  
the natural meaning of the word.  
Words must not be given figura-  
tive meanings without the con-  
text impels it. The words "for-  
nication" as used by Jesus as a  
cause for divorce, is in contrast  
with the phrase "every cause" as  
used by his critics. To make it  
mean "immorality in general"  
would allow his critics to answer  
"Then, after all, any one can get  
a divorce, for 'There is none  
that doeth good, no, not one.'  
"All have gone astray," etc.

Now, let us try to swap off  
personal liberty for morality, for  
in so doing we not only lose per-  
sonal liberty, but morality itself.  
The hell of Christianity is in the  
same grave.

Now, I ask the Globe Democrat  
to publish this. Some have said  
confidently, we are too wise to  
ever go back to the dark ages of  
the times of our simple-minded  
ancestors, who thought that in  
order for us to be good, personal  
liberty had to be bound in chains.  
But what if the preachers are in  
favor of going back and the press  
is giving its sentiments to the  
people, refusing any adverse  
criticism there is no telling where  
we will land. A. A. SNOW.

Lincoln, Iowa.

## THE RELIGION THAT HASN'T A HELL ISN'T WORTH A DAMN.

This is an old Scotch saying,  
and no doubt originated back in  
good old Covenanters' times,  
when the Scotch mind indulged  
hardly any other contemplation.  
It may have originated from  
some way of a lad, but certain it  
is that it has been a sober, serious  
doctrine, preached by the  
Christian clergy for centuries.

What would the Christian re-  
ligion have been, or what would  
it be today, without its 'damn'?

It is this "damn" which has  
made it all or it or all it ever will  
be. As an progress beyond fear  
of the Christian religion dies,  
murder, child abuse, adult igno-  
rance and savage undeveloped  
are the "rendezvous" of this  
"damn." Burns well understood  
its application when he wrote to  
his young friend:

"The fear o' hell's a haungin' o'  
whip.  
To hold the wretch in order;  
But where ye feel your honor  
grip,

Let that aye be your border."  
religion and its hell disappears.  
Take the "damn" away, and  
away goes the power of the few  
self-appointed heavenly medi-  
ators, who, bootied and spurred at  
the expense of their ignorant vic-  
tims, arrogantly assume the  
right of forever riding the backs  
of the whole of humanity. Re-  
ligion to live must have its hell.  
It isn't worth a damn without it.  
It is the purpose of the few  
to annihilate the "hell" and the  
"damn" of Christianity; to take  
the cloud of fear from the brain  
of helpless childhood that it may  
develop its independent, natural  
functions; that this pious threat  
of damnation shall cease to chain  
those who are ignorant by trou-  
stances and misfortune, to beast-  
ly prejudices and cruel instincts,  
dangerous to the common weal;  
that Christianity shall be rendered  
powerless in setting itself up  
as a judge of humanity, and by  
its own will divide society into  
the lost and the saved.

The word "damn," which is so  
necessary to the existence of  
Christianity as a religion, is a  
harsh word to those very people  
who ostracize and hate the In-  
fidel, who would banish it and the  
horrors connected with it from  
the minds of men. Christians te-  
taneously sustain the dogma of  
eternal damnation, yet shrink  
from the sound of the word  
"damn," or the sight of it in  
public print.

The clergy are forever declam-  
ing that God will damn nearly  
all of humanity, but are terribly  
shocked when they hear their  
own threat repeated by others.  
In times past mankind shudder-  
ed at this terrible uplift threat,  
but their fears gradually disap-  
pear, they have joined the words  
"God" and "damn" into a com-  
mon by-word, and Christian's  
children are more given to its use  
than any one else.

As a rude and irreverent as this  
word seems, it is one of the best  
evidences that Christians who use  
it most no longer fear the clerical  
threat of hell, and are grow-  
ing indifferent to Christianity.  
The more the people damn, the  
more they encroach upon the pre-  
rogatives of the priest. What is  
profanity in one is no less pro-  
fanity in the other. It is really  
less profanity on the part of the  
people, because they use it largely  
as a habit, expressive of indiffer-  
ence to the original threat; while  
the clergy use it as expressive of  
the most terrible inhuman and  
condemnation. The people  
would never have thought of us-  
ing this by-word if the preachers  
had not never started it. The clergy  
should not look with horror upon  
an epithet used by a by-word,  
which reflects a dogma which  
they continually and most felici-  
tiously advocate.

Abraham Lincoln said he  
"didn't believe the Christian re-  
ligion; that if the hell be true,  
that if men are to suffer everlasting  
and unspeakable anguish for  
the few mistakes of this short  
life, then it was to the mighty in-  
terest of every person to pray un-  
ceasingly, waste no minutes,  
night or day, to escape such aw-  
ful consequences. That Chris-  
tians themselves are so indifferent  
to such possible fate is the best  
evidence of its absurdity."

The hell of Christianity is de-  
creasing in heat every day. It  
is only a question of time until  
the heat will all be shut off.  
Then Christianity won't be worth  
a damn, for it won't have a hell,  
and a religion without a hell is a  
moral contradiction. When hell  
goes, Christianity goes.

J. H. W.

## A TRIP TO ROME BY DR. J. S. WILSON.

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But now and then he acts  
Like many folks and shows he can  
Be a supple with the facts.  
Although he is a friend of mine,  
I feel a vague dismay  
Whenever he hangs up the sign,  
"This is my busy day."

When no one climbs the shaky stair  
Up to the room so far,  
When he sits in a tilted chair  
A-smokin' a cigar,  
He says, "It's time some one should be  
A-sleepin' round this way,  
So hang it up where he may see;  
"This is my busy day."

And then a fishin' trip will claim  
His time the whole day long,  
Or, maybe at a baseball game  
He'll lift his voice so strong.  
When of sport he's had enough  
He'll view the sign an' say:  
"That notice isn't any bluff."  
It was a busy day.

## BY REQUEST.



Mrs. Pounder—To tune my piano I  
didn't—  
Tuner—I know it, madam. The peo-  
ple downstairs sent me up.

Fleeting Charms.  
All eyes delight to feast upon  
A maid who's 'real in beauty's mold.'  
But if a shrewd man beauty's gone,  
The men who wed her murmur "Bolt!"

"Nice People."  
"Do nice people go to baseball  
games?" asks a reader of the New  
York Sun. We hope not. "Nice  
people" are the most tiresome people  
in the world and if they went to base-  
ball games in any considerable num-  
bers they would make the players so  
tired they wouldn't be able to put up  
a snappy game and the umpire would  
get so bored he wouldn't care whether  
he had his skull cracked with a base-  
ball bat or not.

Something Strenuous.  
"So the baby is named after Rose-  
velt?" interrogated the photographer.  
"Then, I suppose, it is no use trying  
to keep him quiet by showing him a  
bird?"  
"No," laughed his proud pa, as he  
held the youngster on his knee; "you  
had better show him an octopus or a  
dig-dig."

Mistake Somewhere.  
"Entered," remarked the fat man as  
he saw the meat emporium, "I always  
thought you were a friend of mine."  
"Well," rejoined the butcher, "what  
reason have you for thinking other-  
wise now?"  
"Because," explained the fat man,  
"you gave me a terrible roast yester-  
day."

## FLATTERING HIMSELF.



Mr. Screacher—There are very few  
really good men in the world.  
Screacher—Yes; you were lucky to  
get one.

## A Private Matter.

To kiss one's wife  
is a very sweet,  
But do not do  
It on the street.

Runs in the Family.  
Mr. Aggie to Mr. Stoutman, run-  
ning for a car—Hallo, old boy! I  
thought you were too lazy to run like  
that.  
Mr. Stoutman (laughingly)—Easily  
explained, my dear boy, I assume runs  
in our family.—Happily.

A Difference.  
Patience—What reason had she for  
marrying him?  
Patrice—Why, he had money.  
That is not a reason; that is an  
excuse.—Gateway Magazine.

On the Waiting List.  
"Has he any claims to greatness?"  
"Oh, yes; very extensive claims,  
but he seems to be having trouble in  
getting them validated."

Coming.  
Mrs. Marsh—Are you going to vote  
for Mr. Thompson?  
Mrs. Mallow—No. Other people call him  
the other man is much better looking.

## THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

"My garden yard the finest is,  
The biggest lot of roses,  
The loveliest peonies and pinks,  
The sweetest scented posies,  
The tenderest of violets,  
The sweetest sweet peas blooming,  
I'll bring a bouquet in that you  
May see I'm not assuming."

"Ah," says the next, "that may be so  
You have lovely flowers,  
But I'll defy a garden yet  
That's fairer far than ours.  
That has more bloom of every kind,  
That gives a keener pleasure,  
Is more a floral treasure."

No rancor is there in this quarrel  
O'er odors sweet and beauty;  
No feeling in the zest which prompts  
A contest in the duty  
As to which one the more shall fill  
The earth with lovely sweeties,  
And thus the charms of nature give  
Our daily life more completeness.

## HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.



Sharp—I wonder if he thought twice  
before he married her?  
Quiet—it isn't likely. She was a  
widow.

Discouraging.  
He tried to do right,  
But every blamed time  
He purchased some fruit  
He got a plucked time.

Early Habits.  
"That last speaker," said the first  
guest at the banquet, "was quite on  
teraining."  
"Yes," replied the other, "and he's  
a self-made man, too."  
"I can't say, though, that I liked  
his delivery. It was rather slow."  
"Oh! naturally. He began life as a  
messenger boy.—Catholic Standard  
and Times.

Passing It Along.  
"I've lost all confidence in Binkners  
since he worked that old horse off on  
me," said Markleigh. "I'll never trust  
him again."  
"What are you going to do with the  
animal?" asked his wife.  
"Why—er—I expect a friend of mine  
over this afternoon to look at him,"  
replied Markleigh.

His Fatal Error.  
Said He—Miss Roriegh—Clara—I  
dream of you day and night. May I  
hope to claim you for my own?  
Said She—Your hopes would be in  
vain.  
Said He—Do you really mean that?  
Said He—Certainly. The man I  
marry must be wide awake. No dream-  
ers need apply.

Consoling Him.  
"Why do you look so mad, young  
man?" asked the stern parent.  
"I wanted to come under your daugh-  
ter's window and sing: 'Roll On, Sil-  
ver Moon,'" sighed the roiling trou-  
ble-dour.  
"Oh, don't let that worry you. Even  
if you don't come the moon will roll on."

## SHREWD SCHEME TO GET MONEY.



Mrs. Cull—I am very careful about  
my cooking. The way to reach a man's  
heart is through his stomach.  
Mrs. I. Nary—Yes; and the way to  
reach his pocketbook is through his  
heart.

In and Out.  
Wigg—There seems to be quite a  
difference between a job and a situa-  
tion.  
WAGE—Oh, yes. For instance, when  
a fellow loses his job he often finds  
himself in an embarrassing situation.

Everything Up.  
"Why doesn't your publication de-  
voted more space to the increased cost  
of food?" demanded the irate edito-  
r.  
"While paper is too high," explained  
the courteous editor.

Not Fit to Print.  
"I suppose a man who plays on a  
trombone calls himself a 'trombonist'?"  
"I believe so. Other people call him  
various names."

## POOR OLD MARRIED MAN.

It was a full moonlight night and  
the neighboring bells were chiming  
the hour of 2 a. m.  
"Martha," called the young husband,  
who had been pacing the floor since  
midnight, "Martha, the baby is cry-  
ing for the moon."

There was a slight twisting of  
quills.  
"Yum-yum, John," was the answer,  
and then more snores.

Two hours elapsed and still John  
was pacing the floor.  
"Martha," he called in desperation.  
"There was a long silence."  
"Martha, do wake up! I can't quiet  
the baby; he is still crying for the  
moon."

There was a series of yawns and  
then:  
"Well, John, for pity's sake, if he is  
crying for the moon why don't you  
give it to him and not keep me awake  
all night?"  
And then she turned over for an-  
other nap.

## He Got the Job.

"Say, do you need a boy?" queried  
the little fellow, as he stepped inside  
the door of the ice dealer's office.  
"Ever been in the ice business?"  
queried the dealer.

"No, sir."  
"Know anything about arithmetic?"  
"Not much."  
"Well, would twenty pounds of ice  
amount to at 2 cents a pound?"  
"Eighty cents."  
"Good boy! Come around in the  
morning and go to work."

## Idiot at the Breakfast Table.

"I hope you are satisfied with our  
table," Mr. Idiot, said the landlady.  
"In the matter with them, sir?"  
"But I really think I ought to register  
a complaint against yesterday's fish-  
balls, madam."  
"Why, I'm sorry about that," said  
the landlady, blushing. "We rather  
pride ourselves on our fishballs. What  
was the matter with them, sir?"  
"Mine had a distinctly dry taste,"  
returned the idiot.—Harper's Weekly.

## PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE.



Jinks—Booster claims that he never  
breaks his word.  
Winks—I guess that's right. It's too  
flexible.

Here's Another Purist.  
This verbal diagnosis  
I make for thee, O man;  
Don't say "apothecary,"  
But apothecus.

A Good Guess.  
"Hail!" exclaimed the pianist, bright-  
ening up as he read the lines in the  
man's hand: "here is a lot of money."  
"Some one's been telling you," said  
the victim.  
"Telling me what?"  
"That 'I'm a plumber'—Yonkers  
Statesman.

## Right Name.

It was Florida.  
"Why do they call this Palm Beach,  
pa," asked the unsophisticated young-  
ster.  
"Because there are so many thing  
palms following you around, my son,"  
 elucidated pa, as he passed out the  
thirty-seventh slip since his arrival.

A Mark of Importance.  
"Our friend isn't making the air in  
statesmanship that we expected."  
"No," said Senator Borghum, "he  
hasn't even made enough enemies to  
have the syllable 'imm' tacked to his  
name to provide a synonym for all hu-  
man iniquity."

An Honest Confession.  
"Do you think you can take a good  
photograph of me?" queried the wom-  
an who had not even received honor-  
able mention at a beauty show.  
"I'm sorry, madam," replied the pic-  
ture producer, "but I shall have to  
answer you in the negative."

Great Mimic.  
"After all," said Mr. Tragedy, so-  
lemnly, "death is the star tragedian."  
"I don't know," replied Louis Com-  
edy. "I always think of him as a low  
comedian—a mere mimic—because  
he's always taking some one off."  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Overhead Dangers.  
Gunner—"These 'Danger Above'  
signs are met with quite frequently  
these days."  
Gwyer—"Yes, one doesn't know  
whether a safe is about to fall on him  
or a disabled airship is coming down."

One Better.  
Clerk (twenty per)—Why, my boy,  
I give a whole week's wages for a  
nut of clothes.  
Office Boy (three per)—That's  
nothing; I give a whole week's wages  
for a pair of slippers.—Puck.



## NO NEED OF A DEVIL.

(Continued from Page 4.)  
because of their manifestation of a desire to know something about I don't know why god wanted them to remain ignorant unless he was fond of looking upon the naked forms of the man and his wife.

Adam and Eve did not die the very day they disobeyed and so this is the first recorded he god is alleged to have told. Preachers and ministers try to explain that that day meant one thousand years. This is one objection to have to the bible. It takes millions of preachers continually to explain that the scriptures do not mean just what they say. Just why god made man at all is not perfectly clear to my mind. Was he obliged to make him? If so then the force of necessity was greater than god. He couldn't help himself. If he made him voluntarily on his own accord, then he is not responsible for man's actions. If an inventor or manufacturer builds a piece of machinery and it is defective in any of its parts they are held responsible. So god made man voluntarily without man's consent, knowing when he made him that he was going to get into trouble. He knew just the course man would pursue. He knew man would be perfectly helpless, would be entirely dependent upon himself (god) for everything. No power to resist. He knew he was placing man in a snare when he gave him the garden of Eden for a dwelling place. He knew the serpent was there. He knew that a million sons would go down to hell because of the serpent's temptation to escape. Then after the population of the earth began to increase and man began to be evil, just like he knew they would before creation, he got sorry of his job and repented that he had made man.

God made man voluntarily, subject to his own will, and made it possible for man to act in such a way as to incur god's displeasure and then make a hell to burn the majority.

Just think of the flood which the "merciful god" brought upon the people of his own creation. Just think of thousands of children and daughters and children and little infants in their infancy who were destroyed by the deluge!

We hear the preachers say that god is so good and merciful as to make man's salvation possible. I say that according to the scriptures he is ten thousand times worse than he is good for making it possible for ten thousand to be damned in hell to one saved. According to god's own book it is better not to be hell born at all than to go to hell. Why did god cause the birth of a child when he knew it would go to hell? Don't he say it would have been better not to have been born? Don't god always do the best thing? Let us be honest. Does god have anything to do with who is and who is not born? Then we find god interfering the second time when man began to desire a more elevated position. Because they were building a high tower god became alarmed and he took a trip down town one day and inspected the building and decided that it wouldn't stand long till man would be intruding upon the borders of heaven without loss something was done to stop the work. So he confused their tongues. The workmen couldn't understand each other and so the work ceased. No doubt many a poor mortal died for lack of medical attention because the physicians could get no information. Thereupon god became the author of confusion. If heaven is such a glorious country, why could blame the people for trying to get there?

If it was possible for man to build right on up to heaven why didn't god let them alone and save the necessity of having to sacrifice his "dear son" to save only a small minority of the most ignorant?

When the people began to increase so rapidly and different nations began to inhabit the earth god couldn't manage all of them and so he chose one in his infancy and trained it and brought it up to some extent to suit himself. He gave minute instructions in every detail, and threatened them with death or disinheritance upon a hair's breadth deviation. If a relative or bosom friend or wife suggested the different mode of worship, just what he was to kill them just as quickly as possible. Absolutely no compromise. After this

self-destruction in the strongest terms, and yet his "free will" was so influenced by conditions that acted upon it, he ended his life with his own hand.

Let us reflect again on the words of Carlyle: "It is not in man that walketh to direct his footsteps." What man knows with absolute certainty what he will do a week hence or a year hence! Who can write autobiography in advance, giving day and date of death, the cause, and the final resting place for his body? No; for fate decides these things and fate reveals nothing before it occurs. If man shaped and controlled his own destiny, he would know in advance all these things and be able to live in accordance with his desires, also as long as desire lasted; whereas, men live from day to day as their environment (Israelites got strong enough to be of some consequence God tested them specially to obliterate and annihilate the other nations of the earth. God became such a terrible general, his fame for the butchery and shedding of innocent blood so universal that even he could arm his soldiers with nothing but old tin pans, buckets and horns and surround the opposing army an acre square them to death.

There was no crime too dastard for his soldiers to do. The butchery and ripping up of pregnant women and the debauching of beautiful virgins were favorite amusements to the hosts of Jehovah's army.

Those of our readers who doubt this may see for themselves by reading the first few books of the bible. God tells us to "love" our enemies but he sets the example of slaughter. He says "as he is, so are we in this world."

His hardens peoples hearts and destroys them for the hardness of their hearts. He deceives the prophets when they are deceived. He creates evil. There is no evil thing done that he has not done it. All this is according to the scripture. The devil is absolutely not in it at all. Every assertion we have made is substantiated by the bible. We are not responsible for the scriptures being so bad.

After passing over the cases of the unspeakable crimes of Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon and all the best of the "remnant" seed we come to the New Testament. Beginning with the debauchery of the virgin Mary by a ghost from this same god and her dreams, a fabrication is built up lighter than air upon which millions of lives have been squandered away in vain hopes of things that do not exist. Consider the story of Jesus in the light of nature we denounce it as impossible. Children are not born without a father to beget them. Never has been nor never will be natural for a virgin to give birth to a child with no knowledge of man. It is not reasonable. Matthew and Luke both trace the lineage of Jesus through Joseph. If Joseph is his daddy then god is not. If Joseph is not his father then Matthew and Luke are both liars and Jesus is not a descendant of the house of David and so is not the "Messiah."

How the birth of Jesus could be heralded as a "good news" is a puzzle that I am not able to explain, since the words of Jesus himself is to the contrary. He says, "don't think that I come to send peace on earth." I'm not sent to bring peace, but division and a sword, and then he goes to work and is not satisfied till every member of the family is at variance with every other member.

He divides them up and then damns them because they can't. Jesus is strictly complied with there is envy, hatred, strife, wars and bloodshed. "He that cometh unto me" without hatred for all his kindreds and himself "and he will be my father." And it won't do to be too good for fear of being universally spoken well of. Woe is pronounced upon that man who is generally spoken well of. To be a christian in the strict sense of the word is an advocate of his commission, one must be out of harmony with all human creation with a heart full of hatred for father, mother, brothers, and sisters and what we might say is regular devil. Ministers tell us that these passages of scripture do not mean just what they plainly say and then go on to quote other passages to prove it.

This way of having to use one half of the bible to prove that the other half doesn't mean what it says is a waste of time and energy.

When one bible writer says he has seen god face to face and talked with him and then another one gives it the lie and says that "no man hath seen god at any time" it makes me think that it might be possible that one of them has lied.

When one writer asserts that Joseph and Elijah have both ascended to heaven alive and later another says that "no man hath ascended to heaven" I can't help believing that some one has lied.

If the story of redemption was literally true then we might have cause to arise and call him blessed, but it is absolutely false and I can prove from the bible itself that there has never been a soul to enter the kingdom of heaven through the merits of Jesus. He does not save. He can't answer prayer.

I've heard men testify that they have prayed and begged daily upon bended knees for twenty years before their prayers were answered. The same men would have gotten answers sooner if they had answered them themselves. I know these things from personal experience.

Orthodoxy condemns those who crucified Jesus but from the standpoint of the bible itself those who were personally responsible for his death are a thousand times greater benefactors than Jesus.

Those who, through fear of hell, are restrained from doing evil are doing good through a selfish policy.

To do good for the sake of humanity is authentic but to do good just simply for the sake of Jesus who never did any good and probably never in reality existed as a person of nature, common sense and reason.

If the bible is true there is positively no need of a devil.

God is bad enough.  
J. MARSHALL SMITH.  
Woodlawn, Ala.

## NATUREISM.

Nature has punished Jesus Christ for insulting our Creator. The heaven Jesus preached of was never founded by him or any one else. Nature punishes the people while living through incurable sickness or accident. No dead man ever suffers. The soul without the body has no knowledge or pain. Teachers or preachers who make children say grace before meals insult our Creator. It is not Nature's fault that so many people do not get what they need; it is the fault of false religion and their politicians. The hospitals are full of sick people. Animals do not insult our Creator because they were not taught false religion. If you want to learn something of the world or our Creator, read "Natureism." Price, 25c. Address: QUTRIN BACHLER, 2737 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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## ONE THING YOU CAN'T DO.

You can laugh when trouble hits you. You can smile when clouds appear. You can grin when worry "guts you." And when disappointment's near; You can have your rainy day falling. If you are a cheerful soul, You may have all sign of weakness. When the boat begins to pitch.

You can bear up under sorrow. You can calmly shoulder woe. All portents of disaster you'll brave. All portents of disaster you'll brave. All portents of disaster you'll brave. All portents of disaster you'll brave. All portents of disaster you'll brave.

Let the cheer-up poets tell you. To preserve a cheerful face. And to smile at all your troubles. And to never show a trace Of the petty griefs that fret you. But you'll lose your self-control. And you will not smile. I'll bet you. When the boat begins to roll.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?



Irrington Bootleette-How is it you have changed your name by producing the "Midsummer Night's Dream" instead of a "Winter's Tale"? Manager Hardluck-Well, you see, I thought the last name played sound too much like a frost.

Neighbors Can't Sleep. If married couples must fuss and fight And still kick up a hubbub. They should at least keep quiet at night Or move out to a dubs.

Cause of His Coolness.

Edith-I wonder what caused Mr. Mumm's coolness toward Helen? Either-I heard it was caused by Helen's former fiancé, Mr. Flowers. Edith-I don't understand. Either-Why Mr. Mumm sent Helen a bouquet for her birthday and in her note of thanks she wrote that she "just loved Flowers."

Needed Polishing. "Life" said the pessimist, "is a dreadful bore. I don't know what happiness is." "Life is all right," rejoined the optimistic man, "if you only look upon the bright side of it." "But my life has no bright side," protested the other.

"Then," said the optimist, "get busy and polish up one of the dark sides."

Where He Draw the Line.

The Hiveword World says that an old doctor near that place told one of his country patients that he was not eating right; he must eat more of all kind of animal foods. When he made the next visit he asked the patient how he had progressed with the animal food. "Well," said he, "I got along pretty well with corn and oats, but, doctor, I just cannot eat hay."

NOT THAT KIND OF A MAN.



"Are you dining anywhere tonight?" "Sure. Do you think I'm one of those physical culture one-meal-a-day fellows?"

Satisfied.

A love song for a ham! He may be criticised for that. But he won't care so much.

Suburban News.

"Great excitement out in our subdivision."

"About what?"

"One of my early tomato vines has produced a small knob which is said to be a tomato by experts that we have called in."

Looked the Part.

Matres (proudly)-My husband, Bridget, is a colonel in the militia.

Bridget-I thought as much, ma'am. Sure, it's 'th' fo'mous millicious knob he has ma'am.-TH.His.

Half-and-Half.

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."

"Well, I'm in half-mourning, that's why."-Filigende Blatter.

## ALMOST BLEW HIM UP.

Everything was quiet in the little cigar store when the old farmer rushed in and brought his umbrella down on the showcase with a whack that almost broke the glass. "You was-eey-shrimp!" he shouted. "What do I mean by selling me a loaded cigar? I lit it and blamed if a puff of flame didn't leap out and set my hair afire."

The clerk arose and rubbed his eyes. "A loaded cigar?" he echoed in astonishment. "Why, my dear sir, we do not sell loaded cigars."

"Well, you sold me this one, because here are the pieces."

And then the clerk had to laugh. "You insisted upon paying 50 cents for a good cigar, didn't you?"

"Well, the 50-cent cigars always come in an air-proof celluloid tube and you must have lit the cigar without removing the tube. Here's another one without the tube. Smoke it on me, sir."

Forestalled. Mrs. Tabbyshaw (seating herself comfortably for one of her long telephone visits)-Now let me have math 41.44.

Central-You can't have the wire this afternoon.

Mrs. Tabbyshaw (indignant)-Why not?

Central-You know it is a two-party line?

Mrs. Tabbyshaw-What if it is? Central-Why, the other lady has spoken for it.

Generous Meanness. McKidney-Why did I scrubbly give his wife a gold present on their silver anniversary?

McKievery-He wanted to kill two birds with one stone.

McKedowney-Two birds with one stone?

McKievery-He wanted to insinuate that his 25 years of married life seemed like 50 to him; and he wanted his wife to praise him for his generosity.

AN INSINUATION.



Miss Hasbeen-At the fancy dress ball I wore a costume of the Civil war period.

Miss Cutting-One of your school girl dresses, I presume.

A Modern Diogenes. "I've hunted far and near," he sighed, "with all my heart and soul, but never have I yet cried 'An honest lad of coal!'"

Strenuous Opposition. "After all," remarked the bewhiskered old farmer to the audience in the village store, "honesty is the best policy."

"Don't you believe it," said the insurance agent from an adjoining town, who was busy holding down a cracker barrel. "Our company's new policy has honesty fricasseed to a frazzle."

Last Resort.

Friend-What is the title of your latest poem?

Poet-Inevitable.

Friend-That's a queer name. Poet-Yes, but you know the "inevitable" has to be accepted. I've tried every other title and they came back.

One Fellow's Finish.

"Editors demand stories that end happily. Perhaps that accounts for your lack of success."

"Possibly," replied the young author, with a rather sickly smile. "All mine have a sad ending; they go into the waste basket."-Yale Record.

Corrected.

"Well, my boy," said the epicure as he strolled the fish market, "how are shad running today?"

"Not at all, sir," responded the pert clerk with a solemn face. "Shad don't run, they swim."

Also Poor Man.

Biskier-I understand your wife used to lecture. Has she given it up since you married her?

Meeker-Oh, no; but she no longer lectures in public.

A Bad Practice.

"I guess I won't loan that chap any more of my books."

"Why not?"

"He uses a cigar as a bookmark."

The Difference.

"Peace has her victories no less renowned than war."

"But less profitable. Nobody ever comes up with a dollar for a debate."

## DECLARED OFF.

"When can you spare the time for our marriage, Marion?" the betrothed man asked.

The woman consulted her engagement book. "Three o'clock next Friday afternoon," she replied.

"Oh, that will be out of the question," he cried protestingly. "There's a special meeting of the Giltier Joid company that I must attend at that time."

"Well, it's the only time I have," she told him with an air of easy resignation. "Every other hour for the next two years is filled up."

The man jerked his shoulder irritably. "I guess we'll have to call our little matter off, then," he said.

It seems to be inevitable," she agreed, indifferently.

And so they parted, for with some people marriage is but an incident, and an incident is, of course, too trivial to deserve the sacrifice of an event.

An Experienced Man. "How do you conquer your elephant when he goes on a rampage?" I asked the menagerie proprietor.

"We avail ourselves of an experienced baggage man," he replied.

"An experienced baggage man?" I repeated with wonderment.

"Yes," he explained patiently, although it was evident that he was nettled by my stupidity, "we get a man who knows how to smash trunks."

Practical Experience. The old farmer, equipped with the tools of his trade, was busy near the road.

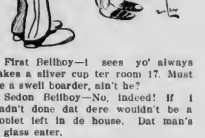
"What have you growing in that field," asked the innocent passer-by.

"Weeds," answered the granger.

"But why are you cultivating weeds?" queried the other.

"Because," replied the man behind the hoe, "after years of experience I am convinced that it is the only way to exterminate them."

A PRECAUTION.



First Belthoy-I sees 'yer room 'lways takes a silver cup ter room 17. Must be a swell barkeep, ain't he?

Belton Belthoy-No, I don't. If I hadn't done dat der wouldn't be a golet left in de house. Dat man's a glass eater.

Can't See His Faults. He's slightly off color, and yet we don't mind. He has so much money. We're all color-blind.

Modern Education. "What are you doing out here on the marsh?"

"Helping to prepare my boy's lessons."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"He is studying natural history, and I have bought a butterfly for him to take to school."

Clipboard for Reference. "I say, old chap," said the first burr, who occasionally gets some of his work in print. "That was a clever joke of yours in Blank's magazine this month. I wish it was inked in."

"Well, don't worry because you didn't," replied the other. "You probably will write it some day."

Too Small for Use. "Man," remarked the student of natural history, "is the only animal that uses a handkerchief."

"Then," rejoined the thoughtful thinker, "it is just as I suspected."

"How is that?" queried the student. "A woman's handkerchiefs are only for show," answered the I. I.

A Leaf From Her Past. "What a remarkably penetrating voice Mrs. De Flimsy has!"

"Yes, that's an inheritance from her father."

"Eh?"

"He used to call carriages at the theater."

Wouldn't Work. Teest-"What story did you give your wife for not writing?"

Crismoneak-"That my fountain pen wouldn't work."

"And wouldn't it work?"

"The story?" No!-Yonkers Statesman.

The Chance of His Life. "Is Opportunity masculine or feminine?"

"Feminine when a man marries a rich woman."

No Blarney For Bridget. Mistress-Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistress gets the best blarney.

Cook-Ab! Go on wld yer blarney!

## AMERICAN SECULAR UNION

### Protests Against Placing Bibles in Minneapolis Hotels

Chicago, June 1, 1910.  
We notice in the daily papers that a movement has been made to supply each room of the hotels of Minneapolis with Bibles for the inspection or reading by the guests. The money for this purpose is said to be contributed by some citizen of your city and the American Bible Society.

Is it possible in this enlightened scientific age that men will subscribe to a movement to disgrace the rooms of the hotels of Minneapolis at the solicitation of a band of men calling themselves "Gideons," basing their name on a ridiculous and unnatural story found in this book of Hebrew mythology, a statement of weakness, not anger, murders, treachery, exaggeration, and polygamy put in a small space. In so called judges it is clearly shown that this Hebrew "Lord" could not even govern his own "chosen people" also when in partnership with his selected servant Judah, the firm could not drive out (which was the duty) to the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron. (Judges 1:19). Then the following chapters are devoted to making the "Lord's anger was hot" as also murders and treachery of the most abominable kind, until we come to this man Gideon, who practically said unto this god, if you will perform a certain trick I name I will believe you, the trick was performed but did not satisfy Gideon. For he said to this god: "Let not thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once," and that was to reverse the trick, not to make the fleece wet, but to make it dry this time, piece ofleger-demain this god, according to (Judges 6:36 to 40). This shows he must have thought his god in his promise was as unreliable as some of the commercial drummers sometimes are in their promises. We find another childish story in choosing only those who imitated dogs by lapping up water with their tongue some three hundred of them, who with their trumpets, lances and pikes, is pretended that they slaughtered the Midianites and others numbering many thousands. But chapter 7, verse 13, shows the unreliability of this godlike story as follows:

#### How God's Wonderful Love Is Manifested.

Every person that accepts the Christian religion believes in god, and that he not only keeps Halley's comet moving through the realm of infinite space at a speed of 100,000 miles an hour with such precision and regularity that it never collides with anything, but he superintends the minutest details of everything that occurs in an infinite universe, even finding time to count the hairs on every man's head and to keep tab on all the falling sparrows. He decides when every individual shall be born, when and how he shall die, and no matter what occurs, these god believers must human beings results as the expression of his will. With songs of joy they praise him for all blessings and benefits that come their way, and the clergy at such times find delight in asserting that old gag from the pulpit—"God doeth all things well," and they try hard to believe it; but when personal misfortunes and natural calamities come thick and fast, they get so rattled in trying to account for his actions in sending such things that they fall back on the time honored explanation, "God's ways are not our ways." Of course there is no sense in it, but having to say something under the distressing circumstances which a god of infinite love has produced they do the best they can, and we get such fool talk from his apologists and defenders. When the earth is blessed with beautiful crops and natural do no matter how good a matter to believe god is good but when the reverse prevails, and human lives are destroyed in large numbers and great suffering is experienced by "god's children," whose he treats to her home and her family when she is kept on a Pauline basis; no woman will ever attain to great heights in art, literature, the professions, or in business while she is under the Pauline yoke. While

general wickedness of mankind, or some offense that has been given to the church they represent; thus stultifying their previous declaration that god's ways are not our ways, for they then make them such by the infliction of punishment for wrong doing, which most human beings believe in and practice. But when they go to sleep further and try to account for punishment that reach the innocent as well as the guilty, they strike a snag that compels them to return to their first position, "god's ways are not our ways, or reason is powerless to see why he does certain things. How quickly the Catholic church sent her out the information from the Vatican that the late destructive floods in France were sent by god as a punishment for government conduct given and the church; but not one word of explanation was heard in 1908 when he killed over 100,000 good Catholics in Southern Italy with that terrible earthquake. And now in another Catholic country, where the people are too ignorant and stupid to be unbelievers and infidels, we behold another earthquake that produces "ghastly scenes" and kills more than 1800 Christians. And right here is a fine time to call attention to this fact, that god has killed more Christians by earthquake than any other class of people. Why he takes such delight in doing so is certainly a conundrum that must confuse the clergy if they try to solve it, for here are the figures for less than 100 years just passed which show that he has killed 270,500 people mostly with malice aforethought, destroyed, killed and murdered 12,000 human beings who traded him in Germany in 1851, 14,000 in Southern Italy in 1857, 22,000 in South America in 1863, 10,000 in Manila; in 1865, 30,000 in Peru, Ecuador and Chile; in 1902, 32,500 in Martinique; in 1906, 500 in Valparaiso; in 1906, 1000 in San Francisco; in 1908, 100,000 in Southern Italy; and only last week 1800 more down in Costa Rica. These figures are certainly appalling, and any rational person who gives these considerations must be driven farther and further from the idea that nature's forces are controlled by intelligence and such things are deliberately planned and executed; for to so believe one must recognize the use of reason and place himself in the category of the feeble minded: must enroll himself with the vast hordes who live in the realm of superstition and never do any clear thinking. By the light of reason the god idea must be repudiated, for such manifestations cannot be made to harmonize with it; so to love and worship such a being is one of the greatest inconsistencies that credulous humanity was ever guilty of, for a wholesale murderer who deliberately slaughters his own children can lay no claim to love or mercy, as his acts deserve only execration.

CHANNING SEVERANCE.

#### WILL THE AMERICAN MAN PUT WOMAN ON A PAULINE BASIS?

(Continued from Page 1).  
are not on a Pauline basis. I also know of many very unhappy homes that are on a Pauline basis; in fact, most of the homes (?) in the slums are on a Pauline basis. The writer knows nothing of the home life of Mr. Harvey, or whether he has a wife, but if he has to use a slang phrase) drawn a "lennon", he must not conclude that America contains no pippins. The writer believes that the happiest American homes are to be found where there is a perfect equality between the husband and wife, where one is the helpmeet and confidant of the other, where no "big sticks" are to be found. In such a home the husband will be found spending his evening and "smoking his pipe in peace," while he listens to the intelligent and often educated conversation of his wife and the fearless, kind and inquisitive chatter of his children—the coming Americans. No wife who is just to her home and her family when she is kept on a Pauline basis; no woman will ever attain to great heights in art, literature, the professions, or in business while she is under the Pauline yoke. While

our feminine ancestors were on the Pauline basis, they were in the caterpillar state, but we females are now full-fledged butterflies, and even if Alexander succeeded in clipping our wings, he could not make caterpillars of us again.

Let's whisper to this learned editor that "All the king's horses and all the king's men" will never be able to clip those wings again; so he will have to become accustomed to the new order of things. This is progress. Alexander, we have progressed since the time of Paul, while you and a few other have fallen behind the procession.

(Continued on Page 3.)

## NO NEED OF A DEVIL

Editor of the Blade—  
Who made the devil and what for? are questions that naturally arise in the minds of thousands of thinking people.  
The scriptures tell us that he was once a covering cherub in plain language a holy angel, high in social circles in heaven, and "was perfect in all his ways," until iniquity was found in him.  
Where he got the iniquity is revealed in the "scripture world." Jesus says, "without me ye can do nothing," so I suppose the devil had Jesus to back him up. God made the devil, so says the bible, and according to orthodox teaching the devil is the worst thing in existence. Then there is nothing any of us can possibly do so bad as what god has done. Who god is, where he is, who made him and what does he look like are questions I shall leave to fakirs and fairy-story writers to explain. What I shall attempt to do in this article is to show from the bible record that the devil is not a necessity to evil doing. In other words the alleged crimes of Lucifer are but a dim shadow compared with the evil doings of the "merciful god."  
First we are told that god made man just like himself in his "own image"; and on one occasion, finding him asleep, performed a surgical operation upon his body, extracting a rib and closing up the wound all while the man was asleep and out of that rib he formed a beautiful helpmeet which Adam called "woman."  
Whether God used morphine, cocaine or some other opiate to put Adam to sleep like surgeons do now we know not, nor do we know whether Adam ever discovered his shortage of a rib or not. I guess women are made differently now as we notice man has his full set of ribs on either side.  
Another point we want to

notice, Adam and his wife were the first pair of idiots on earth. They were placed in the garden amidst trees bearing fruits of all kinds and commanded to keep and dress it when they didn't have sense enough to know when and how to dress themselves. They were naked and didn't care who knew it nor who saw them. If god had always had his way the human race would have all been idiots. He cursed the first pair with threats of immediate death.

## AN APPEAL

Ladies and Gentlemen:  
We, the undersigned, address you in the interest of humanity, and in commemoration of the heroes and heroines who sacrificed for human liberty.  
We believe that such a cause will strongly appeal to you. We are members of the Indiana Rationalist Association, The American Secular Union, The National Association of America, the Independent Religious Society of Chicago, and the Paine Historical Society; and are subscribers to all the leading Free-thought papers in America. We urge each one of you to unite at once with one or more Free-thought societies, and to subscribe for one or more Free-thought papers. We are perfectly sure if you do so that future generations will sing your praises and call you heroes. You will also have the proud satisfaction of seeing the stainless flag banners of the motley hosts of us of freedom waving upon the dismantled ramparts of the motley hosts of superstition.

If gods and devils and priests, the only enemies of the race, are ever overthrown, it must be done by organized Rationalism. There is no example in the whole history of the world where an organized priesthood ever relaxed its fanatical grip from the throat of liberty. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin and the leopard his spots as easily as a Pope or a priest could become a lover of humanity and freedom.

We therefore beseech all Rationalists—every one of you—to get together in a compact organization, and help to inaugurate a reign of reason in the Republic bequeathed to us by Jefferson, Paine and Franklin.

The vile old strumpet of orthodox religion sits in the palaces and parlors of the world, and compels mankind to do her bidding and to pay her homage. By the perfect organization of her ignorant dupes, she compels our politicians and our so-called statesmen to become her panderers, procurers and tools for her infamous uses. This vile old hag intrudes herself at every birth, and at every death, at every marriage, and in our schools with her diabolical cunning; and would if unrestrained do as she has done in other lands where unrestrained and opposed. She would make of our own fair Columbia a despotism like that of Russia or Spain. The Free-thinkers actually outnumber the forces of superstition fully two to one; and if we were but organized we could easily rid our land of priestly rule and tyranny. Ladies and gentlemen, let us organize and get busy.

DR. T. B. JOWLES,  
Pres. Indiana Rationalist Association.  
WM. Y. BUCK,  
SCHUYLER LATOURETTE,  
JOHN C. BECK,  
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